

WORLD OF

MONTHLY  
**30p**  
No.4

# HORROR



AN ANTHOLOGY  
OF THE MACABRE  
FROM FILMS  
& FICTION

*Vampira*  
Scream Scene  
and Horror-  
Mexican Style

**THIS  
MONTH'S SPECIAL  
THE STAR  
TREK PHENOMENON**

**RINGO  
STARR'S  
MONSTER**  
p.56

**VISUAL EFFECTS  
COMPETITION**

**WIN**

**AN EVENING WITH  
RAY HARRYHAUSEN**



Above: John Pertwee and primitive Abaka. Centre: Azal. Inset above right: Draconian Leaders.



Thanks for the many letters about Dr. Who's monsters as covered in issue 3. Continuing our crusade to bring you more gruesome goodies from this World-famous TV series we hope you enjoy this month's selection. Once again we say, "Congratulations to the BBC on its tenth anniversary of Dr. Who".

Next month, in part 3, we will be bringing you more of these TV creatures.

## THE MANY MONSTERS OF DR. WHO



Above left: Ice Warrior, above: The monster of Peladon and the infamous Dalek.



Inset: Alpha Centauri and Azal





#### Dear Gert Show

I have purchased both issues of "World of Horror" and found them very interesting. I would like to see more coverage on the S.F. Horrors which Universal and R.K.O. churned out in the 50's instead of so much coverage on the lurid "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" movies. I would also like to see you cover "Turner at the Wax Museum", "Wag Women" and "The Beast Must Die".

Regards,  
D. Bahrley,

Little Cheviot St. Worcester.

Dear D. We will cover these films sooner or later. "The Beast Must Die" was covered in issue 3. Hope you purchased it.

#### Dear Editor

Your Mag. is what I've been looking for. You see I'm horror mad. The stories you include are fantastic and I read them to my wife, always after midnight. It's very relaxing as we are both mad about every horror story.

Your truly,  
Mr & Mrs. Clark,  
Dunfermline

May see for your wife

#### Dear Editor,

I read about your magazine, in the Christopher Lee International club bulletin, however, none of the local newspapers have copies. How can I buy it?

Your Sincerely,  
Murray Stewart,  
Chalfont

Dear Murray: We have had a great many letters such as yours, from people who want to buy "World of Horror" but can't find a newsagent stocking it. This is a number problem, and perhaps you and other readers can help. Place a definite order for "World of Horror" with your local agent and tell him to order a few copies from his wholesaler. Also tell him to request the wholesaler that the magazine is discontinued by Associated Magazine Distributors. Ringing Trading Estate, Barking, Essex.

#### Dear Editor

Issue 2 of World of Horror was great. It made me want to vomit. Hope you like the cartoon I have enclosed.

Jeremy Applebaum,  
Witchamere Hill, London.

Dear Jeremy: Thanks for the cartoon. We liked it so much — decided to print it.



#### Dear Whoever it may concern

What a load of junk. I thought it was a horror comic. Please keep your coverage on X films only and forget about items like "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad". This is what the true horror fan wants.

John Seaton,  
Hackney, London.

Dear John: Sorry we can only partially oblige. Handbills want the whole range of features. We will continue to give coverage to some X films as possible.

#### Dear Mr Wood

Thanks for issue 2 which I really enjoyed, thrilling. I sent you a bloody Mary for future issues to come. As Count Dracula has a coffin to preserve him, can we have a binder to put your mag in?

Yours Gladly,  
John D. Harris,  
Dagenham, Essex.

Thanks for the compliments. We will be making a binder available in a few months' time.

#### Dear Friends

"World of Horror", is excellent. I've been reading horror magazines since 1958 and I am sure yours will spread like a wildfire. I'm delighted that you have decided to go monthly. Glad you're carrying some "buy it" sell items. If your readers are interested, I have rare horror film maps for sale to the highest bidder. Items include "Famous Monsters of Filmland", "Castle of Frankenstein", "Monster World", "Mad-Mixt! Fantastique", "Monster Mama", "Creep", etc. etc. etc. NAE for details.

Melvin Green,  
3 Berni Road,  
Salford 2

Dear Mel: on. Hope the paths for you. If any of you other friends have interest to sell or trade. let us know.

We have been swamped with letters so have decided to run a Monster Mailbox in each issue. For all those who have written, "Hi! Hi!" for the last time... for those who have... we would like to hear from you.



#### Christopher Lee's New Chamber of Horrors (Edited by Peter Haining. Souvenir Press, 1974. £2.95)

This is an anthology of spooky tales by the best writers in the field, selected by Christopher Lee, who also provides the introduction, and a short preface to each story. There is also a nice collection of photos of Mr. Lee in various roles. It is a good selection, but most of the stories are available in cheap paperback or from libraries, so at £2.95, we can only recommend this volume to hard-core Lee enthusiasts and/or those who make a point to obtain every new release in the "horror" genre. — LK

The 3rd film in the series, "Sinbad at World's End", by Harryhausen & Schneider, is set for production in the spring of '75. The movie will take the intrepid sailor to a world never before depicted, inhabited by strange creatures and humanoids.

California Report... Vincent Price, well-known horror star, is to marry for the second time. His bride-to-be is Coral Peralman (Browne), a sixty-one-year-old fellow artist. Price, now 63, was divorced last year following 23 years of marriage to costume designer Mary Grant Price.



**SWOP-TRADE** Do you have any horror material to trade, barter, or sell, if so let us know and we will advertise the items for you, free of charge.

"Blazing Saddles" Mel Brooks has taken another satirical stride with his soon-to-be released, "Young Frankenstein". Brooks has even shot the film in black and white in order to sustain the 30's atmosphere.



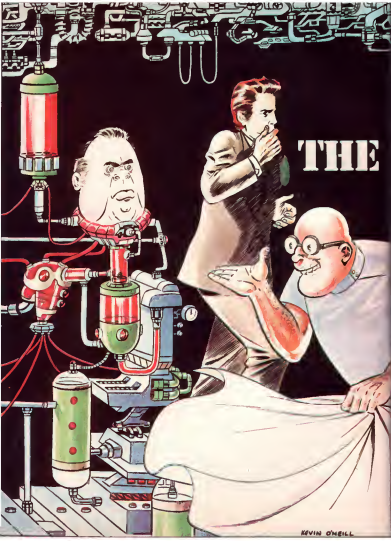
Gothique Film Society Secretary, Robin Lark, (seated) with "Wolf" Associate Editor, Lee Kennedy, looking behind, at the Gothique's highly successful first screening of the season. Approximately 200 viewed, "The Thief of Baghdad" (Photo by Peter Nicholson)

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KEVIN O'NEILL

# THE

CONRAD Lewis was wound, and with good reason. He was dying.

When a man is only fifty-six and bleeds with tank, buildings, property and ground, people and chance without a conservative three-day million pounds, he has every reason to hang on to life, no matter what. But a lifetime of overwork, indecision, lack of leisure, had taken its toll of a body that had never been in the top line, even at its peak. His heart could be compared to a rusty old pump with its washers old, its liver to a stressed up piece of fine leather, and his kidneys too a pair of dried peaches enclosed in lumps of rust. From the neck down he was a wreck;

# HEAD OF THE FIRM by R. CHETWYND HAYES

a heap of whirling gears, barely operating at all, kept alive by science and his doctor's natural desire to reap while the sun still shone. But his brain was as keen and calculating as a newly built computer; his eyes, blue, cold, still able to read the small print on a medicine bottle, on his papers, and even his teeth, bite a few lock filings, good for another thirty years.

"Why," demanded the dying man of his doctor, "will you replace the worn out bit?"

"You'd never stand a heart transplant," the doctor chorused, "and even if you could, there's the liver and kidneys, and your digestive system has gone to pot."

"Calm down," Conrad gruffed his perfectly good face.

"You're always demanding to be told the truth. Don't tell you pay me for it. If you had been an ordinary man you'd have been dead three months ago. A case of money over matters."

It has been stated that a drowning man will clutch at a straw. Conrad Lewis grasped a single paragraph in the evening newspaper.

Nurse Hawkins had the unenviable task of reading the evening paper to the great man every night. That, damnably, nurse brain demanded look now, facts, figures, anything that could drive so attention from the unpleasant fact that very shortly it must cease to function. Nurse Hawkins then required to read every item of news it knew could, then plunge into the city page which contained information which she could neither understand nor, at times, even pronounce. A small three-line paragraph on page two became Conrad's news. She read in her clear professional voice:

## HEAD TRANSPLANT

Basel, Switzerland. Professor Herman performed a successful head transplant on a pig at his clinic yesterday. It is stated that the patient is progressing satisfactorily.

Read that again," Conrad ordered.

Nurse Hawkins obliged. Conrad thought the matter over for ten whole minutes while his attendant dived into the city page.

"Get my secretary," he snapped.

"But, Mr. Lewis," the nurse protested, "I haven't got to the tin stock prices yet."

Conrad said some very rude words.

Professor Herman was a short-stickly man with a magnificent bald head, a clear dome of white shining skin that looked as if it had been polished with a silk handkerchief. He wore a pair of horn-rimmed, very thick framed spectacles, and he was closely married when he looked down at his would-be patient.

"Mr. Lewis," his English was perfect, "I do not understand. I explained on the telephone. I am not an expert in the diseases that afflict you. What can I do?"

"I want you to listen and not answer." The dying man had difficulty in breathing. The journey had almost done me, as I can't answer words. My secretary has a cheque for £360,000. This is a gift from me to your clinic. Do you accept?"

But the professor seemed more puzzled than ever.

"Do you accept?"

"Yes, yes of course. Most generous."

"Good," Conrad finished an important glance at the young man who stood by the bedside. "Smile, give him the cheque."

Professor Herman took the slip of paper and turned it over several times.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you very much. But I am still waiting for you to tell me what it is you require."

"A head transplant," Conrad said briefly.

The professor stared at the midwifery for some time, his face completely devoid of expression, then he smiled.

"You are joking, my dear sir?"

"I never joke. You have carried out a successful head transplant on a pig, is that right?"

"Yes." The professor spread wide his hands. "But a pig is not a human being. Also, I have yet to discover if the pig will live."

"The operation was perfect, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Three days ago, but..."

"In less than twenty-four hours I shall be dead. Four days will be two days forward."

"But you do not understand. Even if I agree to this, my dear sir, dear sir, I must request that it is left to my secretary to decide if the operation I would be branded in a horrible squelch. No, sir, I cannot even entertain the idea."

Conrad was getting worked, and he spoke with difficulty.

"I have drawn up a document abolishing you of all shame. I have also instructed my attorney to pay you the sum of one million pounds."

Conrad thought the operation was successful.

"One million pounds?"

"One million pounds," Conrad Lewis repeated the three words in English. "Now a million pounds. You can do nothing for a million pounds. You can buy anything, even life."

He tapped into unaccountability and Professor Herman took to his spectacles, wiped them, then replaced them. He blinked at young Sinclair.

"But the last body," he asked.

The young man blinked away. "Don't look at it."

"A million pounds?" the professor whispered.

He hesitated the necessary funds. Sinclair nodded him. "The cheque is made out. It's up to you."

"But the last body," the professor repeated. "It is impossible. He left the day my man's price. It's hard to operate it now."

Conrad Lewis rocketed into consciousness. At one moment he was still ignorant of consciousness, then he was aware of headlights, white walls, the sound of voices, the clean smell of disinfectant, all enclosed in the space of a second, and Conrad had to take a deep breath. He stood in a row, his eyes unable to focus, and his heart moved the fact. Then fact for a faint consideration. He was alone, that was the unpleasantness, motion, and although there was a faint suspicion about his neck, the still pain resulting from dissection and surgery had gone.

Professor Herman came into his line of vision and it was over his head he was

Continued on page 45



# THE SPECIAL EFFECTS QUIZ



Calling all Ray Harryhausen/Special Effects fans. A quiz devised for you. Test your knowledge by answering questions about his films and career in special visual effects, and in under 100 words give an appraisal of Mr. Harryhausen's work in films and why you would like to meet him to chat about his work.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD GREEN



MR. RAY HARRYHAUSEN pictured with his creation of 'Kali', The Six-Armed Goddess as seen in the film "THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD"



The first thirteen all correct entries to be opened on judging day will qualify as prize winners.

From these thirteen entries, the one with the best appraisal of Ray Harryhausen's work in less than 100 words will be selected as the winner of the first prize.



1st Prize

A Meeting With  
**RAY HARRYHAUSEN**  
\*Date To Be Arranged With Winner.

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# IRISING GENERATION

BY RAMSIEY  
CAMBELL

As they approached the cave beneath the castle ruins of the children began to play a number, trembling softly, arms outstretched. Heather froze. If they knew the story about the place, despite her efforts to make sure they didn't, she hoped they wouldn't frighten the others. She hadn't wanted to come at all; it had been Miss Sharp's idea, and she'd been teaching decades longer than Heather was of course she had her way. The children were still glancing insecurely toward their victims. Then Joanne said "You're only being like those men in that film last night." Heather smiled with relief. "Keep together and wait for me," she called.

She glanced up at the castle, an atop the hill like a crown, snapped and bent and discovered its form. Overhead sailed a pale blue sky only a wisp of thin feathery clouds on the horizon betraying any movement. Against the sky just below the castle Heather saw three figures sailing upward. Cold, she thought, the school had been told the castle was inhabited by witches because of the danger of falling stones, which was why they'd had to make do with the cave. Still, she was glad she hadn't had to coax her class all the way up there. The three were moving slowly and clumsily, no doubt exhausted by their climb, and even from where Heather stood their faces looked suspiciously pale.

She had to knock several times on the door of the grotto, but before he emerged. Looking in beyond her Heather wondered what had taken his time. Not today the hat, certainly, because the ink looked bleared, scattered and overflowing with form and even an upset ink-bottle, fortunately stopped. She looked at the guide and her opinion sank further. Clearly, he didn't believe in shadows or cutting his nails, and he was pale enough to have been born in a cave, she thought. He didn't even bother to turn to her, he stared at the children lined up at the cave entrance, though as his lack of expression he might as well have been blind. "I'd rather you didn't say anything about the

legend," she said.

His stare switched to her and held for so long she felt it smothering a fool at her. "You know what I mean," she said, determined to show him she did too. "The stories about the castle. About how the harem was supposed to keep someone in the cave to work for him, until someone killed him and waited them up. I know it's only a story but not for the children, please."

When he'd finished staring at her he waited toward the cave, his hands dangling on his long arms and almost brushing his knees. At least he won't interrupt, she thought. I wonder how much he's paid and for what? There was even a propped-up box propped out from beneath the desk.

As she reached the stair end of the line of children he was dragging into the cave. Elavight slipped from his back and he merged with the enormous darkness, then the walls closed about him as his torch awakened them. Heather switched on her own torch. "Stay with your partner," she called, paraphrasing with her finger. "Stay in the light. And don't lag."

The children, fourteen pairs of them, were hurrying after the guide's light. The cave was wide at the entrance but swiftly narrowed as it curved, and when Heather glanced back a minute later, lips of darkness had closed behind them. As the guide's torch waxed the corrugation of the walls rippled like the soft gapping flesh of a throat. The children were glancing about tensely like young wild animals, worried by the dark, yet when they glimpsed at the edge of their vision Heather studied her harem about them, and the thousands of tons of stone above their heads caved down.

Not that it was easy to steady the beam. In the cave he'd peered up speed considerably, and she and the children had

Continued overleaf

# FUTURE ISSUES- WORLD OF HORROR



NEW FILMS  
MUTATIONS  
& FANTASTIC  
PLANET

STAR TREK  
PART 2

THE PETER  
CUSHING  
STORY,  
PLANET OF  
THE APES

plus  
MORE  
SCREAMING  
FICTION





Continued from page 15

no hurry, so as not to be left behind. Maybe he lost it, or maybe she thought angrily, "Well, you slow down, please," she called and heard Debbie at the front of the line say, "Miss, Mrs. says you're got to slow down."

The grade's light caught a wide flat slash of road that looked as if it were sagging. Scattered cars crunched withly beneath Heather's feet. About now, she was sure, they would be heading up and out the other side of the hill. Joanne, who hadn't let Debbie convince her as a teacher and Debbie spaced back to Heather along the uncorrecting passage. "I don't like that man," Joanne said. "He's dirty."

"What do you mean?" Heather said, sounding too worried. But Joanne said, "He's got earth in his eyes."

"Will you hold out your hands if we're frightened," Debbie said.

"Now I can't hold on to my own hand, can I?" Earth did from beneath Heather's feet. Odd, she thought, must come from the wash's dirt and beneath its wash, and began in panic, shaking her head when they asked why. He was still forcing them to hurry, but she was beginning to be glad that at least they wouldn't have to depend on her much longer. "I've tried at questions don't ask them," she called. "Wait until we're outside."

"I wish we didn't have to come underground," Joanne said.

Then she should have said better, Heather thought. "You'll be able to look for things in the field later," she said. And at last, she heard Mrs. Sharp bending over as well as her own class. If they didn't come on ahead then, they would have had to suffer her running then, too.

"But why do we have to come down when it's not? When does it have to?"

"We'll still be near the altar here," Sharon said. Go into places that are closed on, just as you don't like high places. You can see, you're lucky today."

"I don't feel lucky," Joanne said.

The edges in the walls were still swaying gently like the leaves of a submarine plant and now some reached out and tapped at Heather's sleeve. She flushed away, then saw that it was a

spotted plank, several of which were peeped against the wall, looking as if they'd just been fastened together. About the cave exited, and the children were following the shrinking rim of light into the left-hand passage, which was so low that they had to stoop. "Go on, you're all right," she told Debbie, who was hesitating. "Naps! Now, she raged."

It was higher than she'd thought. She had to hold one arm straight out in front of her so that the light angled the children on, leaving herself surrounded by darkness that coldly pressed her shoulders down when she tried to see ahead. If this passage had been lit once off as she suspected, she was sure it had been replaced. The children's sudden shadows rippled like campfires. Suddenly Debbie halted. "There's someone out in here," she said.

"Well!" Joanne said. "It's not your case."

Now all the children had gone quiet and Heather could hear a rustle the footsteps of several people, tramping toward them deeper within the cave. Each step was followed by a scattering sound like brief, dry rain. "Men working in the caves," she called, waiting for someone to ask what the dry sound was so that she could say they were carrying earth. Don't ask who, she thought. Something to do with the earth, perhaps, with the men she'd seen on the hill. But the footsteps had stopped.

When she straightened up at last, the darkness clung on her head, she had to stoop slightly against the wall. Her vesting gradually straightened, and she peered ahead. The children had caught up with the guide, who was volunteered against a gaping tunnel of bright pale stone. As she started toward him, he pulled something from his pocket and held it beyond her.

Debbie made no reticence at "It's all right," Heather said, and shared the pain of shame until her light found the other children. Then, casting his audience, she



"No, you can't have a new pair. Ephraim doesn't give out shoes."

turned the beam on what she assumed he'd thrown her to catch. She peered closer, but it was exactly what it seemed, a pocket lamp of earth. Right, she thought, if I can lose you your job, you're out of work now.

She advanced on him. He was standing in the mouth of a side tunnel, staring back at her and pointing his torch deeper into the main passage. The children were hawking past him into the hard tube of light. She was nearly upon him when he piddled out of the side tunnel, and she saw that the children were heading for a jagged opening at the left of the beam, surrounded by cuppled stone sprinkled with earth. She'd opened her mouth to tell them back with his hand, groping her face and entered her lips, turning her back into the side tunnel.

He could hard smelted thickly of earth. His arm was so long that her back felt inches short of his face. "Where's Mrs. Fry?" Debbie called, and he pointed ahead with his torch. Then he pushed Heather further into the cave, though she backed at his shirt. All at once she remembered that the host beneath the desk had been propped on his face, there might have been a leg beyond it.

Then the children scattered, use choros of panic, then silence. Heather's teeth closed at the flesh of his hand, but he continued to shove her back into the cave. She saw her teeth pining up at the need of the main passage, retreating. His own torch dropped in his hand, and its light drew the walls to leap and stagger, retreating her.

Now he was walking her toward the cave floor. She caught sight of a myriad of earth into which he began to press her head, as if for baptism. She fought upward, teeth grinding in his flesh, and saw lights groping past her upturned torch. They were the children.

She let herself go limp at once, and managed to turn away. So was he left. But he kept hold of her until she succeeded in hanging her feet free and grinding his face beneath her feet like a great pale insect. He still made no vocal sound. Then she fled staggering in her torch, grabbed it and ran. The stone wrinkles at the wall seemed more tender, as if now she were battling a current. Before she was free of the evil she heard him crawling in the darkness at her heels, like a worm.

When the children appeared at the end of her awaying tunnel of light she gave a wordless, silent relief. She could feel nothing but relief that they were covered with dirt they'd been playing. They still were, just short of the border of daylight and they'd not persisted Joanne to be a teacher. "Quickly!" Heather gasped. "Run to Miss Sharp's class." But they continued playing, turning still toward her arms, groping. Then, as she saw the earth trickling from their mouths and noses, she knew they weren't playing at all.



Welcome to the second installment in our survey of the horror-fantasy films of the past. This month we'll be remembering some of the products of a prolific year, 1968.

As you saw the release of two superior films, to which we'll be giving more extensive coverage in other issues of "Wolfe" Due was the first of the extremely popular "Planet of the Apes" series, with Charlton Heston as the captured astronaut, Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter as his sympathetic chimpanzee captives, and Maurice Evans as the unstable Dr. Zerkow, Dr. Zerkow, who resorts to unorthodox means to guard the secret of the human society.

The other was "Rosemary's Baby," Roman Polanski's brilliant transformation of Ira Levin's popular novel into a classic macabre drama, with Mia Farrow as the beleaguered heroine, John Cassavetes as her neo-romantic, anti-husband, and Maurice Evans again, as a family friend who discovers the identity of Rosemary's kindly old neighbors, and is ensnared by their black magic.

We were also given an unexpected treat in "The Devil Rides Out" directed by Terence Fisher, an adaptation of a "classic" novel by Dennis Wheatley. The original book has been aptly described by David Price as "A turgid and purrifying romance," long on Wheatley's bombast, and often racist, philosophical musings, enmeshed with stereotyped characters, and

short on action. Wheatley's fund of good information on the rites of Satanists, etc. is almost limitless, but his skills as a writer of fiction are limited, indeed. The weaknesses of the novel, however, are greatly overruled by Richard Matheson's comic script. Fisher's well-paced direction, and the efforts of an above-average cast, headed by Christopher Lee, doing a fine job with the character of the Duke de Richleau, and Charles Gray fascinating as his adversary, the Satanist, Mocata. The film does fall a bit flat in the special effects department, with "The Goat of Mendes" reduced from a hideous giant to a rather rare little hominid-like, and the nightmarish ship, sick-like creature (which, to give Wheatley credit where it's due, has a deservedly scary entry in the novel) that menaces the child Fleur, is transformed into a common horror-film nasty, a big old hairy tarantula, and not a particularly convincing one, at that. All things considered, though, "The Devil Rides Out" is in the kind of intelligent, exciting well-made fantastic film we could use more of, but not so seldom as

Another major release was the Harpington version of "One Million B.C.," which, as might be expected, was a winner in the special effects department, but a dead loss in general, except to fans of Rayon Welch and assorted other bubble ladies in absurd for bikini. Hammer also gave us "Frankenstein Created Women," a rather lame entry in





the series, despite the presence of Peter Cushing, and Fisher's direction. It was a complicated tale of a dead young man, seeking revenge upon his killers in the posthumous body of his formerly tormented fiancée. This "monster" systematically goes about seducing the collection of dull young nikes who brought about its original ruin, and releases them of their silly heads in the bargain. Frankenstein discovers the female creature holding the head of Hare, her dead lover, speaking in Hare's voice, and answering in her own. He then draws fire in Frankenstein is left to ponder yet another ill-fated experiment. Confusing to say the least, but on the whole, pretty well presented, and not without moments of great visual beauty.

1968's contribution to the Dracula series, was "Dracula Has Risen From The Grave", a laudible tale of the problems of the usual pair of Italian young lovers, the girl's elegant uncle, a butler of a local prince, held in thrall by the Count, and an amorous red-headed barnard, among others. It includes such ludicrous scenes as the rooftop and the blinds arguing over who is going to remove the livestock of the indebted hero, and an elaborate rickshaws attempt by the priest (who rages and behaves like "Larry" of "The Three Stooges") and the Masked Lord, upon the disbelieving Count Dracula. It seems that for best results, one should pay fervently, when indulging in such activities. However, the priest has been released by the vampire, and the boy is an avowed atheist, (which has already gotten him into hot water with his girlfriend's uncle.)

So, as the dreary duo hysterically debates the power of prayer, the understandably mis-matched Count yelps, up, getting, screaming, growling and

type, "Psycho Circus", playing Gregor, a masked lion tamer (Gregor's brother, actually, but the plot is too convoluted to go into here.) Actually, the film has some good moments, and I was stumped as to the real killer's identity, until the end.

Another saga of murder and mayhem under the Big Top was "Berserk" featuring a well-preserved Joan Crawford, Thelma Houston, and Michael Gough. It's the usual thing, again helped by good production and performances. It's also quite gory, for Max Factor Blood fans, and one especially gross scene shows Gough, leaning against a dead pole, morosely

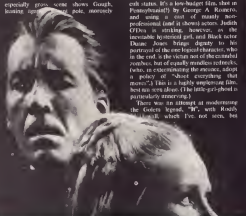
musing on recent memories in his business and romantic life, being relieved of his worries by having a large pole driven through his head, from behind. For the squeamish, who might not last until the end, and the discerning, who might dose off, I shall reveal that the murderer turns out to be la Crawford's affection-starved, and resultingly stupid, non-aged daughter.

America gave us a classic of the really gruesome, "Night of the Living Dead", which after an obscure start, has achieved cult status. It's a low-budget film, shot in Pennsylvania! by George A. Romero, and using a cast of mostly non-professional (and it shows) actors. Judith O'Dea is striking, however, as the inevitable bynamed girl, and Black actor Duane Jones brings dignity to his portrayal of the one logical character, who in the end, is the victim not of the cannibal zombies, but of equally mindless neighbors, (who, in exterminating the monster, adopt a policy of "Shoot everything that moves.") This is a highly engaging film, best not seen alone. (The little-girl-phobed in particularly screaming.)

There was an attempt at modernizing the Gothic legend, "It", with Roddy McDowall, which I've not seen, but

evidently was not a great success. From the same writer-producer-director, Herbert A. Lubow, came "The From Dead" a gory, rather perverse little film about a mad scientist (Dane Andrews) attempting to revive some defunct Nazi henchmen's preserved in his basement, using the severed head of a young Jewish girl to further the cause. Nasty, and pretty dull, to boot.

We have still from another obscure firm, "The Phantom of Sales", which seems to be another Wallace mystery, rather than a supernatural thriller. Others that didn't quite make the grade were "The Vulture" an unfocused, but ultimately comical tale of witchcraft-related madness, starring the late Alan Turingoff, as the vision vulture, "The Lost Continent", a rather lackluster remake, "The Anniversary" with Boris Davis as a one-eyed exonerated man, Richard Burton's curiously adapted of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" (based from total disgrace by a most compelling Mephistophiles from student Andrea Lushar, putting Burton's hairy Faustus in chains, "The Vengeance of Fu Manchu", another in a disappointing series, with only Christopher Lee to recommend it, and he's



see at his best) and "King Kong Escapes", an insult to the original from Japan. "Kong" is an actor in gorilla suit, with very little, if any, animation, and the cast includes the monumentally inept Rhonda Reason as a catatonic protagonist. Vaden's "Barbarella", despite enigmatic performances (Clare Fonda in the title role) and spectacular sets, costumes, and effects, didn't create much excitement, and "The Devil's Own" with Joan Fontaine as a witcher incensed by tribal witchcraft, also fell a bit flat, after an interesting first half.

"Quartermen and the Pig", however, is in many opinions, the best of the series, with fine performances from James Donald, Andrew Kier, and Barbara Shelley. It's an involved, but fascinating story of horrible giant insects (discovered in a tube tunnel excavation) that might have been the original colonies of Earth. The promising young director, Michael Reeves (who has since died tragically), succeeding in extracting a remarkably non-cynical, un-bloody performance from Vincent Price in "Witchfinder General". Price portrays Matthew Hopkins, the psychotically cruel Witchfinder, and Hilary Dwyer is an unusually interesting persecuted heroine. The story itself is far from original, but Reeves shaped it into a beautiful and strikingly affecting film, with a wonderful sense of time and place.

Two stunning speculations upon the future include "Wild in the Streets" in which a rook singer becomes President of the U.S. and youthful anarchy reigns, and the similar, but far superior "Privilege" directed by Peter Watkins ("Culloden", "The War Game") which has had far too limited a release, and deserves a major revival. There was also, of course, Kubrick's spectacular "2001", which may have been a bit pompous and self-indulgent but remains one of the most visually breathtaking and thought-provoking of all recent films. Ingmar Bergman's precious "Hour of the Wolf", a truly frightening chronicle of a descent from reason into madness, with Max von Sydow excellent as the paranoid artist.

On the lighter side of the imagination, there was the delightful Beatles cartoon feature "Yellow Submarine", with all the incredible inhabitants of "Pepperland" and plenty of good music. Roman Polanski had another offering in the genre, "Dance of the Vampires", which was grossly altered for distribution as "The Fearless Vampire Killers", (which Polanski refuses to acknowledge to this day, as well he might.) It would be interesting to see the director's approved version, which has had enormous success in Europe, and is, from all accounts, a much different and superior film to the version usually seen in the U.K. and U.S.

Picking up, we had "The Blood Beast Terror" an entertaining minor film about



a woman who turns into a huge moth-eaten and degrades the countryside, with Vanessa Howard and Peter Cushing. "They Came From Beyond Space", and "Torture Garden" recently seen here on TV, an anthology film which deserves a closer look.

This was one of America's better anthology films, with stories provided by Robert Bloch, and direction by Freddie Francis.

The "Isak" story concerns a semi-carnival Barker, Dr. Dahlovi who amazes a group of five customers in his "Torture Garden" exhibit to glimpse the future in

the sheer, held by a wicked, dark figure of the goddess of destiny. The first story is predictable, but well acted by Michael Bryant as a seer-do-well who figures off his rich uncle to claim his fortune, but gets more than he bargained for (in the form of a wicked cat, with an anklet and emerald pendants for diving on human heads.) Francis' direction is at its best here, evoking a real sense of claustrophobic dread in the old house, and in the police station, where the young man meets his fate.

The next two tales, about a Hollywood starlet who achieves fame at the price of



Left: Lost Continent  
Page 21: Witchfinder General



"A fantastic achievement... A superlatively good film."

—Dave Kehr, *The New York Times*

"Simply stunning... A world of wonders... Not to be missed."

—The New York Times

MONUMENTAL STANLEY KUBRICK PRODUCTION



2001  
a space odyssey  
STORY BY ARTHUR CLARK  
SCREENPLAY BY STANLEY KUBRICK

CASINO LITERARY THEATRE

her soul, and a girl who is murdered by her lover's jealous piano are less successful, but in the latter, when the instrument comes to life, chasing the girl around the room and out the window, the effect is quite frightening, anticipating the moving "terrors" of *"The Kwakwaka"*.

The final story follows the fortunes of two Fox collectors (excellently played by Jack Palance and Peter Cushing), one of whom has Edgar Allan Poe himself, ensnared and writing, imprisoned in his basement. Palance kills Cushing and releases the seal of the winter through fire, only to find that freeing a person who has made a pact with the devil, involves the loss of one's soul.

The other spectator, a shifty little man, turns out to be an employee of Diabolus, who in the last scene rather unconsciously reveals himself to be, of course, the Devil, with many faces in store for everyone! This film, while not outstandingly good, certainly shows that France has more ability than he is often given credit for, moves along at a snail's pace and features unusually good acting from nearly the entire cast, nice enough in any film, but especially in the "horror" genre.

From America, we had another standout in the gae category, *"The Flesh Eaters"*, starring old horror hand Marni Koslek as a particularly unpleasant mad scientist, conducting his questionable experiments on a remote island. He discovers some extraordinary microscopic life in the local waters. It seems that these little animals, when ingested, devour their hosts from the inside out, and of course, there's the usual band of outcasts who are beginning to get on the doctor's nerves.

Lastly, we have a tilt from a Japanese opus entitled *"Kiyukawa Dokuramen"*, which we haven't seen but looks interesting.

In a future issue, we'll be time-travelling all the way back to 1953, for a look at that year's crop of fantasy films, including the popular *"Forbidden Planet"* and a delightful forgotten masterpiece. See you then.



Top: They escape from beyond space  
Centre-left: Blood beast terror  
Centre-right: Fresh meat  
Above: *Kiyukawa Dokuramen*

## "TYBURN BRINGS TERROR TO THE ROARING TWENTIES"

A party at a large country house in the 1920s. The champagne is flowing and the Flapper Girls and their Bright Young Men are dancing non-stop to 'Charleston' and 'Jazz'.



Above: Lawrence (Peter Cushing) lies dead, shot by his own hand. Now the agony is over for all of them.  
Right: Geoffrey (Ian McCulloch) lies dead at the foot of the attic stairs. The Ghoul's jewelled dagger impaled in his forehead.

Prompted by Daphne (Vivienne Carter) the hostess (Stewart Revett) — proud owner of a beautiful Watchdog — challenges his friend Geoffrey (Ian McCulloch) to a game to Lundy End. The challenge is accepted and it is agreed that Daphne shall go with Betty and that Betty's sister Angela (Alexandra Innes-Smith) shall accompany Geoffrey and his Bentley. Amid great excitement, the cars race away into the darkness.

The men shall go straight into the lead and Geoffrey is astonished to see that Daphne is driving. He urges the Bentley off and the two cars go racing through the deserted night roads, only yards apart. Little by little the Bentley gains on the Vauxhall and eventually sweeps up to Geoffrey's delight, but not to Angela's. She is cold and frightened by the open car and begs Geoffrey to slow down. Reluctantly he does so and Daphne and Betty enter into the lead again and are soon out of sight.

Hours later, on a deserted moonlit road, they find themselves in thick, early morning fog. So thick that Daphne, attempting to drive off the road and before she can turn her way back, the Vauxhall coughs and she is out of petrol. Betty walks off into the fog to find a garage.

After some time, Daphne gets impatient and sets off to find help. She is waylaid by a dishevelled young man, Tom (John Hart), who knocks her out.

She wakes up in a filthy shed from which she manages to escape and, running blindly through the fog, collides with Dr. Lawrence (Peter Cushing) who, seeing her 'bloody' marks, carries her to his house. There she meets the Ayah (Gwen Watford), the Indian servant whom, Lawrence explains, and to look after his young son when he and his wife, now dead, were in India.



"The Ghoul" is to be released in Spring, 1975

CONQUERORS FROM A DYING WORLD INVADE EARTH!

AND THEY CAME FROM BEYOND SPACE

LAST TWO DAYS NORTH LONDON  
SUNDAY NEXT SOUTH LONDON

ODEON



Running desperately away from Tom, Daphne (Vivienne Carter) bumps into Dr. Lawrence (Peter Cushing), the owner of the laboratory.

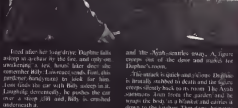


The Ayah (Gwen Watford) assaults outside the Ghoul's room, and places her offering of meat.



Safe! Tom has gone to the house to tell Lawrence that Angela 'knew' and they don't let her leave. When he enters her hut, Tom (John Hurt) to his horror finds Angela (Alexandra Savelle) in a frenzy of fear and rage smashing up everything she can lay her hands on.

Bellow! Tom (John Hurt) does find Billy (Brendan Sexton) asleep in the Yeastball. He gently loosens the handbrake and gives the car a shove.



Inted after her long drive, Daphne falls asleep in a chair by the fire, and only on smothering a few hours later does she remember Billy Lawrence's words. From this premonition (motivated) to kick her, Tom finds the car with Billy asleep in it. Laughing derisively, he pushes the car over a steep cliff and, fully, is crushed underneath it.

Tom returns to the house with a false hope to say that Billy has gone home. This reassures Daphne who decides to make her home too. But Lawrence demands her, saying she is his own, much worse and that she must stay. She is up, and after a much needed meal the Ayah shows her to the bathroom. While in the bath Daphne cannot rid herself of the feeling that she is being watched.

Sometimes later the Ayah informs that she sees the mysterious thing that is over the bed, before sleeping, explaining that the house is surrounded by mist and that mist is above.

Seven Daphne falls asleep and shortly afterwards the Ayah creeps into the room to look at her. She creeps out again and quietly climbs some stairs to a doorway behind a curtain. Cautiously she unlocks the door and starts creeping on to the hallway. Suddenly her door slowly opens.

and the Ayah settles away. A figure creeps out of the door and stalks for Daphne's room.

The attack is quick and vicious. Daphne is brutally stabbed to death and the figure creeps slowly back to its room. The Ayah summons. Again from the garden and he wraps the body in a blanket and carries it down to the kitchen. Then she goes a substance into an ornate bowl and places it outside the mysterious door.

Warned that their rivals may have had an accident in the fog, next day Geoffrey and Angela look for them.

At a railway police station they are shown the body of Billy, who has been found in his car. Of Daphne there is no sign and the police say that she has probably disappeared in the marsh. They are not prepared to look for her because the marshland is so dangerous.

But Geoffrey is prepared to look and, leaving Angela in the car, he begins his search. Soon he is out of sight and, cold and frightened, Angela drives out in the fog. But she is unable to control it and crashes, knocking herself against the windshield. The crash is so bad that Tom can carry her to the shed.

Enter Geoffrey finds his car abandoned and walks on until he becomes the prey of



the old house. He walks up the drive and, finding the house apparently deserted, goes in.

Finding no-one about he climbs the stairs when he is seen by the frantic Ayah who screams at him in Hindi. Lawrence appears and demands an explanation. Geoffrey tells him the whole story and Lawrence announces that Daphne was frightened by Billy's driving and so mounted on leaving the car. He also suggests that perhaps Angela has made her way back to London, too. Geoffrey seems satisfied by this and leaves.

But he can't start the car and, finding Tom, asks him to help push-start. Tom gradually agrees and later lets slip that he didn't take one of the girls to the bus stop, as Lawrence had said. But before Geoffrey can get any more out of him he is off - running across the treacherous marshy. Geoffrey chases after him and when Tom seems to sink, promises to help him only if he tells the truth. Terrified, Tom reveals that Lawrence keeps a 'thing' in the house - a creature that eats human flesh. Geoffrey rescues Tom and they go back to the house.

Lawrence breaks down and admits that the flesh-eating creature is his son. Geoffrey dashes upstairs only to fall down with a dagger in his forehead as he enters the creature's room.

Tom goes to Angela, now in the room once occupied by Daphne, and Geoffrey tells her that Geoffrey is dead. He tries to attack her but she knocks him out with a vase, just as The Ghoul (Don Henderson) enters the room and, moving like an automaton, walks towards the bed on which Tom has fallen. He backs at him ferociously with a dagger, only to fall dying himself as Lawrence enters and shoots him with a gun. Driven almost out of his mind by what she has seen, Angela runs from the room, out of the house and down the drive, screaming hysterically.

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A WORLD FILM SERVICES PRODUCTION

DAVID NIVEN

AS COUNT DRACULA IN



**T**HIS Columbo-Warner horror spoof recently opened to mixed reviews. Old pro David Niven, however, was generally admired by the critics for his usual debonair performance, in the role of Count Dracula, and there is a bevy of comely women to hold the interest of yer male chauvinist-type audience members. Veronica Carlson, a veteran vampire victim ("Dracula Has Risen From the Grave") will be familiar to many horror buffs.



**I**n this tale, the Count has opened his castle to tourists, and is delighted to join the four finalists in a cheesequake magazine poll. The Most Breezy Playmate Of The Month is a Scandinavian blonde (Carlson), a red-hot blonde (Helen), a former Miss America (Cathy Sherrill) and a still-league Black woman (Misty Blue - Really!) They are chaperoned by one Andres (Jerome Linden), and the party goings in winter photographs, and a publicity man from the magazine, who plan to garner some useful publicity material during the visit to Castle Dracula.



**M**ALTRAVERS (Peter Boyle), Dracula's vampire valet, suggests that one of the contestants might be of the blood group that the Count has been seeking for years. It seems that Vampires Countess Dracula, has been in a defunct state for some fifty years, as a result of nibbling a tainted peasant, and only a transfusion of very rare blood can re-animate her. As the guests slumber, Dracula injects samples of their blood, and discovers, to his delight, that one of the samples matches his wife's group. The transfusion is administered, but to everyone's amazement Vampires return to life as a Negress. The Count, wishing to restore his consort to her original pigmentation, decides to take her and Meltravers to London, where the contestants have returned, back down the "donor", and by taking a further blood sample, attempt to return Vampires to Caucasian blood.



**O**F course, there's plenty of action with the vampires loose in London, and a twist ending. While we at "M O A" have not yet had the opportunity to view "Vampires", we think it should be worthwhile for Neen's performance, at least, and it certainly sounds lively enough, for viewers who enjoy the occasional comedy-horror film.





# STAR TREK



## COLLECTOR'S GALLERY 2 WILLIAM SHATNER



Even the very worst of all "Star Trek" ("Plus ça change, plus ça change") is worth any number of the tedious adventures of *Star Trek* and the "U.F.O." crowd. One of the strongest reasons for this enduring appeal, apart from the better-than-average scripts and lack of blatant pseudo-scientific genericism, was the Melvillian characteristics of the cast. Great care was taken to select actors whose off-screen personalities were compatible with the characters they were to portray. Not a particularly daring approach, perhaps, but in this instance, it proved very effective. Few personalities have commanded more enthusiastic loyalty from "fans" as the crew of "The Enterprise" "Star Trek" enthusiasts, loudly known as "Trekkers" are still covering every seat in New York City, and Los Angeles, will receive large amounts of mail congratulating them on their long-ago portrayals. In the second part of this article, we'll take a closer look

at the end. In this installment, we'll provide some facts about the startup "Enterprise" herself, as called from Stephen F. Whitfield's "The Making of 'Star Trek'."

"The Enterprise" is the largest man-made vessel in space, one of a fleet of 12 interplanetary Federation ships. It is 947 feet long, 417 feet wide overall and has a maximum gross weight of 100,000 tons. It is divided into three main sections, the primary, saucer-shaped hull, the engine room hull, and the rear engine pods. The primary hull is divided into three sections, the middle, and designed to operate separately from the rest of the ship, containing all elements necessary for independent operation. The bridge, located in the circular ridge atop the nose of the primary hull. The area is dominated by a large viewing screen, faced by the captain's station and the console occupied by the Navigator (Trela) and Helmsman (Chekov). Counterclockwise

from the turbo lift doors are Communications (Trela), the Library-Computer (Speck), the Navigational Sub-systems check-out, providing data on the operation of all sub-systems within the ship's defense system.

Clockwise from the turbo lift, we have Engineering (Scott), Environmental Systems providing data on functioning of the components of the ship's environmental systems, Engineering sub-systems Check-out, providing readings on all engineering sub-systems, and the Defense Systems Monitor, checking the status of detector screens, etc.

The extensive research that went into the creation of the "Enterprise" included consultation with NASA experts, who concluded that most of the ship's technical creations could conservatively work, even if they were pretty far-fetched. The workings

Continued overleaf



of the entire ship were carefully detailed as the functions of the bridge stations. In the script, gadgetry was seldom explored as the characters take it for granted, and everything from "Phase" guns to the unique transport devices, are so plausibly presented as to make them acceptable in the most skeptical viewer's (her instance, who - even would have guessed this most of McCoy's operating instruments are actually merely sail shakers, circa Earth 1960?). To an admirably unscientific mind, the technological rappings exhibited at countless inter-act scenes are staggeringly complicated, but technically, all was attended to by the long-suffering writers, providing us with a world of the future which "seems right" to the average viewer simply because it is an internal event the kind of weird people might be living in.

Another aspect of this future-world that may be responsible for keeping "Star Trek" dear to multitudes of viewers is its optimism. While human-kind still has countless problems and challenges to face, there still are people, and they're getting along quite well, with all racial and political barriers, among ourselves, at least, pretty well solved by a benign intergalacticism. This is the kind of future, we'd all like to hope for, but the chaotic state of present-day affairs makes a grimmer prospect more likely. "Star Trek", however, makes reference to late 20th century earth history as a time of thermonuclear wars, which brought about the destruction of civilization, but a final acceptance of the brotherhood of man had belated realization that the only survival lay in peaceful co-operation. Like the technological marvels, it may not be all that probable, but it is possible, and a comforting concept is time into after reading about poisons and social diversions all day. Several "Star Trek" episodes have been filmed at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C., and it would be nice to think that by



the time we go to "star dates" there will be intelligent viewers still on the planet to enjoy these prophetic antipathies.

Other views of the future have exceeded that, mankind will survive, but the environment and alienic looks dull and grim. Other planets will be found barren and lifeless, romantic love will seem as absurd and outdated as feudalism, and computer technology will have replaced most occupations, so we will have a "Clockwork Orange" environment populated by livid creatures so



extremely uninterested that their sole enjoyment of life is provided by sadism and drugs. The characters in the "Star Trek" series are reassuringly "normal", all with conventional outside interests and romances apart from their starship duties. Even the super-cerebral Mr. Spock enjoys chess, music, and on rare occasions actually talks in love. Space exploration has opened up, not a tragic void, but stunning new worlds, and intriguing customs in be studied and enjoyed to the mutual benefit of Terrans and "Aliens" alike.

All this may be just a little naive, and self-congratulatory before the fact, but even in its occasional complacency, the idea of a brighter future is something we need, if we are not to be debilitated by the unpleasant realities we have yet to overcome.

"Star Trek" has been likened to the medieval morality and miracle plays, in its psychological effects. Many of us can no longer accept the possibility of a heavenly future in reward for a decent life on earth. Still, it is the nature of human beings to strive for a goal, however unattainable they know it to be. The world of "Star Trek" is still flawed enough to be human, but sublime enough to give us hope for the future of our species. Anything that could provide hope in the 60's, and continue inspiring and making life more bearable, right through to the celestially unexplored present, is an artistic and social phenomenon to be reckoned with, and such is "Star Trek".

Next month, we'll take a closer look at the characters that have become part of the modern mythos, Kirk, Spock, McCoy and the rest of the stalwart crew, and some of their interpretative threads and lies, so, live long enough to read it, and, of course, prosper.



## THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

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# The Hellfire



# Club



A Black Man held in the isolated ruins of a 16th century church in Berkshire with the skeletons using the bones of a girl buried 150 years ago has once more centred interest on the primitive rites associated with summoning the powers of evil.

The girl was put to rest in the little village of Chislet, 44 miles from London at a time when the most famous Black Magic rites in English history were still being performed in the notorious Hellfire Club.

A painful reconstruction of the activities of the Hellfire Club was made for the first of this issue a few years ago, starring Peter Cushing, Keith Michell and Adrienne Cori.

The rituals at Chislet used the girl's skeleton as a substitute for the human sacrifice and men have held a cock to supply the ritual blood. In the film a fake human sacrifice was offered to the powers of evil—variously represented by the distorted crosses and objects on the altar behind—in the shape of actress Patricia Clarkson who was 'stabbed' with the rubber knife wielded by Lord Sutherland, also Anthony Paul.





The Hellfire club, presided over by Sir John Dethward, was the most notorious of a number of clubs which existed for the antioecy during the 18th century whose members had a desire for vice, women and debauchery in unlimited quantities.



The Hellfire club met in an old abbey on the banks of the Thames at Medenham where the ceremonies were conducted in secrecy under the guise of Satanic worship.

There was a public outcry when it was discovered that the membership included ministers of the crown, members of parliament and peers of the realm.





Down in the caves... something stirs! To the sound of drums a sparsely clad maiden nervously awaits before the ogre-masters.

## THE Dracula SOCIETY



Lord Bruce Waghorn, Vice Chairman, and Secretary Robert Davies of the Dracula Society.

**T**HE Dracula Society had its inaugural meeting in April, and is already showing itself to be an organisation of excellent promise and some influence. Not to be confused with the American Count Dracula Society, which seems to confine itself to dressing up Halloween in style and plugging grotty films like *Dracula*, this organisation is for the serious horror buff; it's active and vigorous, serious study and appreciation of the life and works of Bram Stoker (emphasis of course on his most famous character), the Monks, Vampires and Werewolves in 19th century Britain (Shirley Rae Stevenson, and the weird fiction of H.P. Lovecraft and his associates, the sources used by these writers, the superstitions and myths of Transylvania and elsewhere, possible linkages of historical and fictional persons and places, such as Stoker's Count, and Vlad Tepes of Roumania, stage and film adaptations of the classic, occult themes in literature, and it is well to places of interest to those who enjoy the supernatural in fiction.

In a recent telephone chat, the Hon. Secretary of the society Mr. Bernard Davies, informed me that while meetings have not been held on a regular basis, as yet, due to the holiday season, etc., the membership is increasing encouragingly, including enthusiasts from all walks of life: writers, housewives, theatre people, students, naturalists, clergy etc. Very interestingly, the Society's first Film Evening in May presented a rare gem indeed: Paul Wegener's second film on the legendary Count, "How the Count Came into the World" (1920) with Wegener again portraying the cloy man. The introduction was by Ivan Butler, well-known film historian and expert on the "horror genre". As few before have had the opportunity to see this seldom-screened classic, it was received with great interest and enthusiasm.

Other all the society's recent activities have included a most unusual emphasis on the issue of Transylvania. Avoiding the blatantly touristy "starts of Southern Roumania", the Society's 11-day expedition concentrated on the localities used by Stoker, such as the Borgo Pass, following the footsteps of his emigrants. Stages were also made at such historically interesting spots as Bran, where Vlad Dracula was born in 1430 and the Castle of Poenari, where the Impaler erected about 1460.

The Society has also been instrumental in getting Bram Stoker some posthumous recognition in the country of his birth and after being "shamed" a little by the Society's intrap Irish subcommittee, the Irish Government is now planning to install a plaque on Stoker's home in Clonsilla: the unveiling of which many members will want to attend.

Yet another project is the formation of a Stoker/Dracula archive and General Gothic Library for research. The Society hopes it will eventually include books, films, records, magazines, cuttings and illustrations in this collection. Although work is just beginning, Mr. Davies informs us that some interesting items have been located to the library already.

Due to recent media publicity, most recently the BBC documentary "The Dracula Business", the Society now has members in the U.S. Canada, Australia, Denmark, France, Germany and Austria.

Mr. Davies adds up to stress however the fact that applicants for membership must be at least 18 years of age, and no exceptions can be made. Also, the Dracula Society is purely a cultural and social organisation. Those who are interested in the practice of occult rituals, etc. will certainly not find what they are looking for there.

However, those with a mature outlook and genuine scholarly interest in Gothic literature and films, historical research and travel, will surely find a great deal to interest them and a fine opportunity to associate with people of similar tastes. Those who would like further information or to apply for membership, may write to the Hon. Secretary, c/o Dracula Society, c/o Christchurch Gardens, London W 8 (Please enclose S.A.E.)

## Horror & Fantasy in the Cinema

**A** T long last fantasy films are being recognised as an important category of cinematic art. We have, however, far too few serious books on the subject. Critic Tom Hutchinson's new "Horror and Fantasy in the Cinema" (Siddie Vase, London) is therefore, a welcome addition to the list, even as the rather forbidding price of £3.25. Hutchinson divides his observations on the history of the "horror" film and its various genres, into six chapters, "The Machines Take Over," "Sex and the Vampires," etc. He writes subjectively and casually, obviously with great affection and

respect for his subject matter. The book is profusely illustrated with familiar stills, and quite a few that aren't so familiar, all well-reproduced. (The coloured ones have come out especially well.) Another felicity is the coverage of very recent films, "The Exorcist," "Westworld," "Zardoz," etc. Unfortunately this otherwise highly recommended addition to every serious film enthusiast's library is marred by some errors, particularly in the captioning of the photos. The late Rondo Hatton, for instance, acronyms star of several cheap horrors, is mistakenly identified as Eddie Powell

Hutchinson also seems to have confused a particularly gory staking scene from "Dracula Has Risen From The Grave" with the demise of the Count in Hammer's first "Dracula" A still of Christopher Lee in "Scars of Dracula" is identified as being from "Brides of Dracula," a film in which Mr. Lee did not appear at all, and the comments about "Night of the Living Dead" are so misleading that one wonders if Mr. Hutchinson has not got it confused with some other film of a similar nature.

Due to the vastness of the material and the dubious accuracy of many reference sources one is forced to use in writing about horror films, errors of this nature are inevitable. It is to be avoided (as we at "WotW" have sometimes found to our chagrin.) Still, "Horror and Fantasy in the Cinema" is interesting and handsomely put together.

All things considered, this is an admirable piece of work, and further, more in-depth writing by Mr. Hutchinson on horror/fantasy films would be most welcome. — L.K.



GRINGOS!  
read this,  
if you  
dare

MEXICO has a long tradition of truly bizarre fantasy films, most of which have never been seen in the U.K. They sometimes pop up on American television, in English-dubbed, badly cut versions which render them even more peculiar, if possible. The "screaming" genre of Mexican "horror" films had its heyday in the 1950s, with such movies featuring "Santa", a burly, masked hero, are still being produced today.

Such cowboys, closely with the Mexican police, and his successfully mimicked evil-doers, vampires, werewolves and other assorted macabre characters, with his wrestling skill and purity of heart. Amongst his flamboyant escapades, one recalls such classic adventures as "Santo vs. Baron Brakula" and "Santo vs. Blue Demon in Atlanta".

Although Santo, who has been popular for over thirty years, is the major serialist involved, Mexico has also produced such serial films as "Wrestling Women vs. The Aztec Mummy", and a series of adventures starring one "Nelson", a cowboy-type who also regularly assumes a masked road warrior and the latter's degenerate, stunted sidekick, who goes by the deceptively ordinary appellation of "Nek".

In a more traditional Gothic vein (No pun intended) Mexican vampire films, while crude, and often hilarious by our standards, often manage to capture more of the decadent beauty and eroticism of the melancholy existence of the vampires than do the "trendy" products of our own Hammer studios. German Rohde, an actor imposing and attractive enough to star in vampire roles, has been featured many times as a vampire, usually missing the mark of the hands of Abel Malar, who is more notable for his prolific activities as a producer, than for the impact he makes on



## SATANAS DE TODOS LOS HORRORES

In search of Isabel, his fiancée, who has not kept her promise of coming back to the city, Roberto arrives at the old and solitary house of the Gerards. The house is inhabited by Isabel, his strange brother Erik, and Manuel, a servant who is strangely close to his master.

In face of the unexplainable accidents he witnesses, and the peril of death which threatens them, because the house is about to collapse, Roberto tries to persuade Isabel to leave with him, but she, dominated by her brother's disturbing personality, doesn't make up her mind.

Erik and Manuel hope to reach immortality. In exchange for it, they have promised Satan to give Isabel to him. That is the reason for which Erik opposes his sister's leaving the house.

When the invitation is made, Isabel is saved by love, she successfully repels Satan, and thus provokes her brother's wrath: he makes her the victim of his vengeance.

Isabel seems to be dead. Roberto is aware that she is only in a deep sleep state and tries to save her. He soon finds that nothing can be done for the Gerards, as their hands are tied with the evil forces of the devil, and they are corrupted to soul and body.

The young man leaves the sinister house, and as he goes out, the house collapses over its evil inhabitants.

HORROR  
MEXICAN  
STYLE

Continued on page 64

screen. Perhaps the most impressive in the vampire films is "The Vampire's Coffin" (1951), in which the handsome Robles' center-sobrietas character is finally dispatched via the traditional stake, and instead of disintegrating, changes into a feebly flapping bat. The "Nostradamus" series is less effective, with its concentration on unappealing young lovers, and various subplots, and the presentation of the vampire as a rather dowdy figure, in sort of a bowler hat and coachman's coat. One Salazar/Robles starring vehicle which deserves a mention is "The Living Head" (1961), in which the insatiable son of the title escapes with a scarily accurate conqueror the world.

While these films are low-budget, and amateurish, the monsters portrayed are often extremely original and interesting. Perhaps the best known Mexican creature of all is "The Beastman" (1961), which has acquired a bit of a cult following, as a film of the most lachrymose bad taste, combined with high entertainment value provided by the hilarious dialogue spoken by grade Z American actors, completely out of touch with the Spanish speaking lips of the cast. The top once again stars the Minors Robles and Salazar, and concerns the return to life of the unpleasant Baron Bitchous of Extra, burnt at the stake for his many crimes, in 1661.

In accordance with the vow he made at the time of his immolation, Bitchous returns to earth in the wake of a comet. He has acquired the ability to transform himself into a shaggy creature with a long, explosive tongue, which is used to bore into the skulls of victims and extract their brains, which he keeps neatly stored in a trunk, and, when feeling peckish, he attacks with a long-handled spoon. Within the Baron is searching for descendants of his executors to de-braun, the film's wholesome young hero stumbles upon the terrible trunk. As he is about to pay with his life for this discovery, a crowd of policemen, some carrying handy flamethrowers, happen on the scene, and the bad Baron expires again.

We have been in touch with some most helpful people at a leading Mexican studio, and they very kindly provided us with side-plating synopses, and spooky stills from two more recent terror films. "Satan in All His Horrors" is yet another variation on "The Fall Of The House Of Usher" (Poe's work, and this theme in particular, is extremely popular in Mexico). "The Saint Against The Assassins From Outer Space" concerns our old man, Santo, against (His name is often Anglicized in the dubbed versions.)

We hope you have enjoyed this quick look at a little-known region of "The World of Horror" as much as we have. Keep watching these pages for more unusual films from afar.



## EL SANTO CONTRA LOS ASESINOS DEL ESPACIO



A wave of murders spreads panic throughout the city. The victims are always important persons involved in the country's economy. The head of National Security, upon the insistence of the other authorities in charge of maintaining public order, turns for help to the Santo, the legendary Man with a Silver Mask.

The Santo goes into action and soon receives an ultimatum from a lunatic called Erick Malcoch, who demands fifty million dollars to put a stop to the killings. The authorities are compelled to pay the blackmail, but they follow the Santo's instructions, and the latter is thus able to reach the criminal's hideout. There, he is discovered and must now face immense dangers and fight spectacular battles for his own life.

The masked law-man comes out of this vicissitude, but first he hears a terrible scream from the lips of the dying Malcoch: a creature from another galaxy will come to earth, and upon contact with our atmosphere, it will multiply into millions of beings, thus forming a gigantic colony, which will bring an end to humanity. The only man who can help the Santo now is Professor Bernstone, who has been kidnapped by a band of criminals. Our masked man has to rescue him and, at the same time, confront the extraterrestrial monsters. His fight is successful but these monsters bring revenge for their fatal attack on the city. Airplanes and tanks are of no avail against the enemy. The Santo finally uses a suicidal strategy and thus succeeds in exterminating these gruesome creatures from another world.



**HORROR  
MEXICAN  
STYLE**





Left: "The Colossus Of New York" contemplates the slumbering Male Powers.  
Below: "The Monster That Challenged The World" facing his starforkmate Audrey Dalton.  
Below Left: The disgruntled "Tobacoo" of "From Hell It Came" and reluctant companion.

**H**UNTING back through our film file in horror movies, it soon became obvious that nearly every tale of terror contains at least one sequence of a pre-liberation-type defenseless but desperate lady being lugged around the screen by the lustreless son of the piece. Some "Victims" such as King Kong's leading lady, Fay Wray, have achieved a measure of cinema immortality through their exploits.

Even the recent "Legend of the Seven Golden Virgins" which featured an Oriental dandy elated in the martians showed her being abducted by the vengeful before a nose of some nature by the aged but sexy Dr. Van Helsing.

So, need consciousness or no, it seems the "crying off" of women is as well-established a

horror film tradition that we're stuck with it, and it is entertaining. Small boys with heavy little sisters can always sublimize their aggressions by imagining the offending sibling in the place of the monster's squealing prey, and helpless husbands might be excused for deriving sinister fantasies. The only reverse of the formula I can recall are "The Aspidochelone" where a gentle giant meekly hauled down her cheating husband, and "Kongo" where Maureen O'Hara was taken captive by her own giant gorilla, who terrorized London with the terrified mad scientist in its paw, before both were annihilated in front of Big Ben. Unfortunately for the flaming couple, both were nearly roared into oblivion. It could be said that the gender of the abductee doesn't matter all that

## DAMSELS IN DISTRESS



Above: "Zerkie", a chubby simian menace with the requisite swooning victim.

Left: "The Creature From The Black Lagoon" (Rita Browning) abducting a protesting Jack Adams.

Below: Deed victim in grip of Japanese King Kong.



much as most of us are idling (ling with the monster).

One of the earliest horror film captive-women was Alice Day in "The Age" a 1927 melodrama. She was followed by the aforementioned Mae Vin, who, in addition to her period in "King Kong" did a good deal of swooning in "The Hounds of Baskin" and "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" as well. Mary Pickford, to return to the silent

screen, was the lady who attracted Lon Chaney's hideous "Phantom of the Opera" and in 1931 Helen Chandler was impressive as a victim of Boris Karloff's "Dracula". The films gave us scores of ladies lured in the grip of some madman or other. These included Yvonne Lime, Marni Cooper and Beth Damergue and seemed to be carried off most frequently, while estranged in

white, one-piece bathing suits (which, if one cared to go into it more deeply could probably tell us a great deal about the psychology of their peculiar decade). Count Dracula claimed numerous not altogether unwilling victims in the Hammer films of the sixties and seventies. They were a sad lot, but the most memorable was Barbara Shelley in "Dracula Prince of Darkness", who got to

do some snarling and spitting on her own, before her eventual demise.

Well, we hope you enjoy our selection of utterly horrible films from horror lore of the past, including this "Tree Man" and his ludicrous companion, from one of the most ridiculous films of all time "From Hell It Came".

# Horror & Fantasy in the Cinema

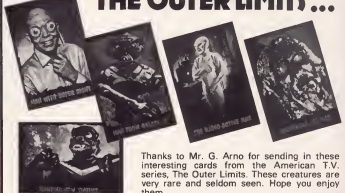
by Tom Hutchinson

foreword by Vincent Price

Number three in Studio Vista's Cinema series edited by Swedish Morley, this book takes the related themes of horror and science fiction—two major escape routes for modern man's irrational fears, in an imaginatively illustrated text. Tom Hutchinson examines the growth of the supernatural movie from its silent origins in *A Trip to the Moon* and its development in classic lightnesses such as *Nocturne* and *Metropolis*, continues with a review of 'The Monster Industry' past and present, lingers over 'Sax and the Vampire' and ends with a discussion of our fascination for machinery which we must control or it will control us. 160 pages, 160 illustrations, 95 in colour. October 1978, £3.25

STUDIO VISTA

## "THE OUTER LIMITS"...



Thanks to Mr. G. Arno for sending in these interesting cards from the American T.V. series, *The Outer Limits*. These creatures are very rare and seldom seen. Hope you enjoy them.

# HEAD OF THE FIRM

Continued from page 9

upright, his head was perpendicular, some six feet from the floor, and he was surrounded by a white sheet. The Professor was sweating. His round, plump face was lit by a smile of triumph.

"Wonderful!" he said. "Wonderful!" "Huh..." I knew began, then paused. His voice was harsh, metallic, and seemed to come from some little way to his left. He tried to clear his throat. "Has the operation been successful?"

"Successful?" the Professor waved his hands in capture. "Yes, hundred per cent, no dear sir. It could not have gone better."

A white-clad nurse now joined the Professor, closely followed by Sinclair. Lewis noted the look of horror on his face—horror and revulsion, and fought down a feeling of attraction.

"What are the chances of my living?" he asked.

"Excellent!" "What about rejection? Won't the new body try to reject my head?"

The surgeon looked a little uncomfortable.

"That is the point I must make clear to you, Mr. Lewis, and beg for your full cooperation, at the same time assuring you that the operation is only temporary."

"What are you talking about?" Conrad demanded, trying to turn his head.

"Please—please do not do that," the professor implored. "You must keep perfectly still. I am attached close to the shoulders, so the neck muscles will work. The matter of the body..."

"Well," Lewis enquired, "what about the body?"

"The Professor moved a little closer, I was unprepared, the time was short. He straightened up. The truth is, Mr. Lewis, I was unable to find a satisfactory body."

"No body?" The professor looked down at the expense of white sheet that hid whatever was below him. Then what the

devilian I understood?"

"The head transplant machine I have connected your main arteries to tubes, and an artificial heart is pumping serum to your brain. Everything is working perfectly."

A machine! Conrad would have believed had it been possible, as it was, his voice shrieked through what he now realised was a loudspeaker. "You mean all I have left is my head?"

"Temporarily," the Professor tried to soothe what was left of his patient, "until we can find a host for you."

"What will that be?" Conrad glared at his secretary, who looked as if he might be sick, given the slightest provocation. "And take your blasted mouse face out of here, Sinclair."

The young man pined, and made a sudden dash for the door. Lewis returned his attention to the Professor. "I asked you, man, when you will have a host body ready for me?"

"That is hard to say," Professor Berman smiled apologetically. "I run a private clinic here, and owing to the nature of my work, patients with head injuries are extremely rare. You must also realise I cannot supply for a subject through the normal channels. This—this operation must be kept a close secret, at least until it can be declared an unqualified success. Therefore, my dear sir, you must be patient until I can—how do you say?—work something out."

"But I can't be attached to a pile of iron machinery for God knows how long," Conrad protested.

"I see no reason why not. Your head will now cease to age, in fact it will grow younger. There is no faulty heart or digestive system hindering it. In the country, it is now being supplied with life-giving serum, scientifically prepared to replenish tissues."

"Does my head want a body?" the loudspeaker screamed.

"Be careful," the Professor frowned, "we do not want your patient to get overheated. A sudden passion could be fatal. You see your brain commands the machine, as formerly it commanded your body. Should it order an excess of heat, the pumps must work that much harder to supply the need. This could result in a..."

The Professor waved his arms like a windmill. "A blow-out."

"Bloody Hell," said Conrad. "Lewis."

"Exactly," the Professor beamed. "You have less perception."

One boring day succeeded another. Sinclair reported each morning to find reports and receive instructions. The lack of a signature seemed an uncomfortable barrier until Lewis perfected the art of writing with a ballpoint pen clenched between his teeth.

"The executive board are becoming impatient, sir," Sinclair remarked one

morning. "They are asking when you are coming back."

"When am I going to do, you mean," the head glared at the young man, who noted its cheeks were now rounded and bashed with a healthy pink colour. "So now as Berman finds me a body they'll be in for a shock."

"When will that be?" Sinclair asked. "What do you think I am? A bloody fortune teller? When Berman finds me one."

The colour deepened and the plastic pipes that ran across the room and disappeared into holes in the near wall, quivered constantly.

"If you were worth your keep you'd go on and dig me up yourself."

"Dig me up, sir?"

"I don't mean that literally, you fool. When I think of the millions of perfectly healthy bodies running around with empty heads, and me clamped down to a pile of junk, I could blow the place sky high."

"The pipes are getting a bit hot, sir."

"Are they?" Lewis' head tilted aside, "well, that's about half-baked blood-suckers. I'll have their part for parts when I get back."

"If you've got back soon, they'll have mine," Sinclair said grimly.

One day Professor Berman presented himself, his entire being expressing keen excitement.

"A wonderful breakthrough, my dear sir."

"What are you yapping about?" Conrad snapped, his temper was growing shorter by the hour. "The time passed. Have you found me a body yet?"

"Not yet, but I've overcome the matter of rejection. You'll never guess what I have done."

"Told me the head screwed."

"I, Professor Berman, pushed out his respectable stomach, I have grafted a sheep's head on to a pig. And it lives!"

"Revolving," Lewis packed his lips into a grance. "Can't you find anything else to do?"

"But you do not understand. This means once we have found the right body for you, transfer will be an undoubted success. I can guarantee immortality for the selected few. Old heads on young shoulders."

"Trade in your old body for a new one," Conrad's eyes glared. "There's millions in it. The young will be of some use to the world at last but where are you going to get all the bodies from?" He paused, then added softly. "If only there was another war."

The crisis materialised a week later. Sinclair came into the presence of Lewis' head, and introduced out his news. "They are going to replace you, sir."

Continued overleaf

"What?"

The long legs took inapt a foot from the floor.

"A special meeting of the executive board meets next week to depose you, and elect a new chairman and managing director."

"The coming boss?"

"That's not all or your wife has applied for power of attorney to control your holdings. The first is, no one believes you are alive. Your director says it is impossible that you could have lived another two days, let alone six weeks, and since Professor Borman has refused even to visit you, they think I'm up to something tricky."

"The slot, the half-baked, piggy bank rubbers, Borman, Borman."

The slot was scurled, the lead pipes grew like purged snakes, through the dividing wall came the sound of laboring pumps, the murmur of alarmed voices. Professor Borman burst into the room.

"Kiss yourself, my dear sir. The pressure has risen to over danger point."

"Get me a bath, a bath, a bloody hot, walking bath."

"Please, please list, I have no body. In a few days, my dear sir. You know a nice street adjacent a holy-sauce."

"I want a body now, now."

A red light glared from under the white sheet, there was, also a plume of white smoke and a smell of burning rubber.

"All right," The Professor held up his hands. "I will give you a body."

"Now, Lewis was a little calmer. Today, at once."

"Yes, yes."

"A live, walking body."

The Professor nodded, his face a little sad.

"I promise you, dear sir, a nice healthy walking body, at once."

"Then get on with it, Conrad growled. 'I must be in London at one o'clock.'"

The boardroom of Lewis Incorporated and Allied Companies was situated on the twentieth floor of Lewis House, a skyscraper, shaped skyscraper, overlooking County Hall. The executive board were all present, and a most well-lit, red-faceted, three-hundred-cubed collection of gentlemen would have been hard to find. They had been collected by Conrad Lewis over the years mainly for their ability to say "yes." He had not realized that men who say "yes" develop a secret urge to say "no," and that this urge began to wander if it might not be more pleasant to stand upright. The survivors of his death had brought those verbs of rebellion into active form, and now, the men of his sudden return was like the threat of a wickerball to a huddling footballist.

"Thought it too good to be true," Sir Donners Borman creaked his rattled legs to his neighbor. "The old trust will never

die. Hain't got the decency

Some talk of a snack in Switzerland. Sir Ben Charles Montgomery scowled, "one of those miracle-working shops. Opened him up, ruminating retard, and replaced a few bits and pieces."

"You be couldn't have left well alone," Sir Donners growled.

Won't go near a hospital myself," the Ben Charles remarked. "Get no guarantee yours coming out with what is worst case."

Further conversation was curtailed by the double doors being pushed open and singular, replacement in primed trousers and black jacket, announcing briefly.

"Gentlemen, your chairman and managing director."

Like a class of schoolboys they shuffled to their feet and stared expectantly in the open doors. Conrad Lewis was seated in a wheelchair which was propelled by Professor Borman's name. From the neck downward he was scathed in a tartan blanket, a thick wall was wrapped round his neck, and his face was white, flabby, the eyes sunken, bloodshot. The upper part of his body seemed to be too high, while there was a disturbing flatness under the lower half of the blanket.

"They've cut his damn legs off," Sir Donners growled.

The wheelchair was pushed into place at the table head, and all the board members veiled themselves, without however ceasing to regard their chairman's face with intense interest. He looked so small and slender, many felt their jaws run, set at the sight that this fat, double-white face looked obscenely healthy. "Like a worm from a well-fitted churchyard," the Ben Charles expressed himself in a subdued aside, and Sir Donners nodded his approval. Singular stood beside his master and rapped the table with a gavel.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Lewis wishes to make the following announcement. He is re-establishing his control of Lewis Incorporated and Allied Companies and he wishes to thank all members of this board for casting doubts on his ability to manage his business."

Many members jumped to their feet and began a chorus of protests. One gentleman of considerable age, who had entertained ambitions of being chairman himself, was heard to remark there were better seconds in Warminster scrubs.

"Set down."

The voice was harsh, a tone of roaring whisper and it took some time before it was fully realized the command had been uttered by the tiny man in the wheelchair.

The voice-loud man protested again.

"I intend to speak."

"You'll sit down and shut up, Sir Ben," Sir Donners turned a shade paler, but manfully stayed on his feet.

"We represent the shareholders, and I repeat you're a damn scandalous. Lewis 'You led us to suppose you were at death's door, if not dead, and now you turn up from God knows where.'"

"Set down." The flabby face was turning bright pink. "I'll not want you again. Do you suppose I'd let a set of white-livered, gelatin rabbits out-think me? I've got it made, do you hear me? Nobody can beat me now."

The harsh voice lapsed into a wheezing cough, and the attendant nurse looked worried. Mr. Smithers made the tea, fatal statement.

"There's little point in arguing with a madman."

"A what?"

The voice rose to a shrill scream, while some kind of activity was going on beneath the blanket. The name used in the strange little figure dawned into the wheelchair, and the secretary clapped the blanket and Conrad Lewis emerged from his cocoon. A dreadful scene descended on the boardroom as he placed his hands on the table and heaved himself upright.

"Look, suckers," Lewis had always been an addict of American films. "Look, I've got a new healthy body, a walking breathing body, and these plenty more where this came from."

Smithers was horrified, appalled, his stomach was heaving, and he was not far from fainting but he could still turn a phrase.

"I always knew you were one," he said, but I never expected to lose your

The motion ceased, the last, well formed pig body heaved itself up on to the table, and with Lewis's head leading the way, it raced towards its tormentor.

Three directors dropped dead, one went berserk and flung himself through a plate glass window, the Ben Charles sat down and stated he was damned before starting to count his fingers, and Conrad Lewis stood squarely on his four feet and thrust his hands close to the near gibbering Smithers.

"Who's mud?" he asked.

"I am," replied Smithers and slid gracefully to the floor.

Lewis began Professor Borman's final instructions and began to nod vigorously. It had taken many hours to graft his heart on to the pig's body, it took three minutes to nod it.

Those members of the board who were still on their feet were very ill indeed, and were not inclined to object when Sir Donners stepped and silently along the table, removed the wheelchair, and pulled a high backed managing director's chair into position. He seated himself, the one unused person present.

"After all, he was paid to be pink."

# THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

Although there have been a respectable number of sightings in recent years, the Loch Ness Monster has been getting less and less publicity. Despite various expeditions from Japan, the U.S., etc., the British government still refuses to acknowledge the fact that there are extremely unusual, possibly sinister creatures in the Loch, and the British Museum has repeatedly refused to back up the poorly-funded expeditions that have attempted to gather more conclusive material on the nature of the beast.



The most gripping account of the Loch Ness Monster is the story of a brown native of the area, who described what great

terrors and dangers, although a section does something more sinister than surface for a look in the still depths. There is something so alien about the creature's appearance that people viewing it through a telescope or through a camera lens

have reported seeing it in places that were not possible to be in danger as down to a state of random wandering on the lake.

All this supports the theory that the monster is in fact a marine creature that has arrived in Loch Ness, and a cause for

wonder and debate is the fact that it is an animal that is a creature of the sea, having a long, slender, serpentine body, with a long, thin neck, and a small head.

While the monster is a creature of the sea, it is also a creature of the land, and it is

possible that it is a creature of the air, and it is possible that it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

the most gripping account of the Loch Ness Monster is the story of a brown native of the area, who described what great

terrors and dangers, although a section does something more sinister than surface for a look in the still depths. There is something so alien about the creature's appearance that people viewing it through a telescope or through a camera lens

have reported seeing it in places that were not possible to be in danger as down to a state of random wandering on the lake.

All this supports the theory that the monster is in fact a marine creature that has arrived in Loch Ness, and a cause for

wonder and debate is the fact that it is an animal that is a creature of the sea, having a long, slender, serpentine body, with a long, thin neck, and a small head.

While the monster is a creature of the sea, it is also a creature of the land, and it is

possible that it is a creature of the air, and it is possible that it is a creature of the earth.

It is a creature that is a creature of the sea, and it is a creature of the land, and it is a creature of the air, and it is a creature of the earth.

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However, any rumors sustained thus far seem to be primarily the result of human imagination and lack of respect rather than any direct aggression on Nessie's part. The creature is enormous and probably unaware of damages sustained by other animals that happen to get in its way. In addition to its size the creature may also be dangerous due to the acid slime it is said to exude when annoyed. As early as 1950 a small creature was reported killed by a member of the Lovat clan in Glenconce. About nine feet long with no less a long tail with small side fins and one terrible head, the monster exuded a substance which caused the grass upon which it lay to wither and kill even the huge deerhounds at a distance. This would appear to be much like the poisonous slime of a snake, or the 'ink' spouted by many types of squid and octopus.

In view of the very real dangers presented by too-close contact with the creature, enthusiastic tourists are advised to do their ogling from a distance, should they be lucky enough to encounter the beast. It is a sad fact, however, that increasing traffic and population seems to have driven the inhabitants of Loch Ness to become even more reclusive. Until the 1920's, the rumors were sometimes (although very rarely) seen in print, giving rise to the theory that they may be a type of amphibian hysteria unknown.

At the rate things are going, these incredible creatures might be nearly extinct by the time the government gets around to substantiating serious study. The eleven around Inverness are presently manned by volunteers, some of whose enthusiasm

exceeds their scientific knowledge and few of which seem afford to spend more than a fortnight or so a year in contemplation of the waters of Loch Ness. News items and photos, however, are always being produced, but still without effect on the opinions of the higher up at the British Museum and other august institutions, who continue to ridicule the possibility of some unbelievably ancient form of life in the area, despite ever-mounting evidence to the contrary.

Of course, this could all be a blessing in disguise, because if the great worm-like beings in Loch Ness are indeed the Beasts of the Apocalypse, their resuscitation by creation could herald the end of the world as we know it. Perhaps that notion is what's keeping the independent authorities from making an effort to locate and classify these creatures before another government or before it's just too late attempts to capture a living monster. The attitude is to be deplored for those of us with such questioning minds and we think it is time for some concrete move to be made to discover the secrets of Loch Ness and similar spots in Great Britain.

In the meantime, despite the frankness of the dedicated Loch-watchers and their scholarly conjectures, Ness, the spirit of Glen More, continues to guard the private lives of her enormous, slimy, spooky, and strange children.

In this limited space it is impossible to give detailed and scientific accounts of the many sightings of the animals in Loch Ness



for enthusiasts of fantasy and the macabre in film, literature, and art. SAE for details to Mrs. Sandra Sutton, 184, Station Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE



These amazing pictures of the Loch Ness Monster were taken by Frank Searle

and the connoisseurs of biology, but for those whose appetite for more information has been whetted we will include a brief bibliography.

Garnett, James A. *Loch Ness and its Monster, 1861-1970*  
London, Ton. The Loch Ness Monster, 2nd ed. 1970. The Lochness Press 1970.  
Hobley, F.W. *The Great Ooze of Loch Ness* 1968

These will provide the budding monster enthusiast with enough information and speculation to play that way for some time, again reading. There is no shortage of literature on the subject and much of the material has very interesting recent back-



"INFEED 100 TO WIN RIGHT?"

# PHASE V

This film, with its cast of millions (ants) is an Alced Production released by Paramount and distributed by Cinema International. Saul Bass was the director. The cast includes Nigel Davenport as Hubbs and Lynne Frederick as Kendra. Special effects were created by John Richardson. The film was written by Mayo Rimm.



**PHASE I.**—In response to some mysterious signals from the far reaches of the universe, the ant kingdom on Earth undergoes a curious metamorphosis. A research scientist, Eraser Hubbs, embarks on an experimental station to investigate this phenomenon in a remote area of the Arizona desert, where he has discovered the ant population to be increasing at an alarming rate, causing a biological imbalance. The various ant species have ceased fighting each other and their natural enemies in the insect world are gradually disappearing. Hubbs intends to study the implications of this imbalance on all life forms in the subject area—including man. To help him with his investigation Hubbs has brought a young mathematician, James Lesko, who specializes in computer analysis of the methods of communication used by animal species. To precipitate his experiment, Hubbs destroys the ants' tower-like strongholds with grenades and waits for some sign of reaction.

**PHASE II.**—The ants make their move, not against the experimental station, but a local farm. The fleeing Eldridge family heads for the scientists' dome, pursued by an army of ants, only to be greeted by a cloud of poisonous chemical, the first weapon to be used in an attempt to control the insects. Only the Eldridge granddaughter survives, a young girl called Kendra, who is taken into the dome. Unknown to the scientists, the ants use the yellow chemical to effect immaturity to the person at their subsequent generations. Meanwhile in the laboratory, Hubbs' attempt to introduce their natural enemy, the mantis, into a group of captured ants is upset by a terrified Kendra, who smashes the equipment, scatter-



ing the ants and causing Hubbs to be bitten on the hand. The ants lay siege to the dome with heat-focusing mirrors, forcing the temperature within to the point where all the computer-operated equipment shuts off automatically. Hubbs and Lesko fight back, using "white sound", but the ants' tractor constructions are destroyed but the handful of their species loose inside the dome succeed in wrecking the air-conditioning system. Hubbs realizes that the ants must have known which item of equipment would make the scientists most vulnerable.

**PHASE III.**—Lesko succeeds in communicating with the ants, but is unable to understand the reply to his question, making it means that the ants want one of the two inside the dome to perish. Kendra is convinced that the ants want her, to punish her, and slips out into the night. Hubbs, however, sets out on his own, destroying the Queen, in order to deprive the ants of their intelligent leadership. He stumbles out into the desert, attack the Queen, but falls into a pit and is devoured by the ants. Lesko, now alone, concludes that the destruction of the Queen must still be carried out. Making his slow and painful way to the mound occupied by the Queen, Lesko descends into a large underground chamber and discovers Kendra. The ants had been waiting for news. Suddenly they know that they are being transformed and made part of the ants' world. Although they have no knowledge of what is expected of them, they know that they will be told. Kendra and Lesko wait, alone with the ants, as a new sun rises on a new world.

**PHASE IV** is about to begin...









# WORLD OF HORROR SALUTES EDGAR ALLAN POE

His fortunes of Edgar Allan Poe have been rather dickey, in literary history, as well as during his hectic life. His poetry has been held up in mockery by Henry James, and T. S. Eliot has, perhaps rightly called him "prose" "dysphed and shoddy." Readers in his native America and the other English-speaking countries pay Poe lip service as one of the greats, but his works are read mostly by children and adolescents who may be forced to memorize "The Bells" or worse still, "Annabel Lee" in dismal classroom recitation. The good news is that I printed derogative his writings in it may be the fact that they have provided "inspirational" (often no more than a title) for countless "horror" films, and recently held in disdain by the intelligentsia.

The only country where Poe seems to be revered by critics and public alike, is France, where the poet Baudelaire translated his tales, shortly after Poe's death, and published them with his

James Lindyard's biography of E. To Baudelaire, I was a prime example of the ideal "dandy," and a "joyed" creative personality. Daring woman, and considering them intellectually inferior, she was not only a "dandy" but a "harshness, who came only to die, after returning, zombie-like to drive male heroes to madness and a romantic early grave. Poor Lady Machine! Usher in the end was only a "dandy" who was her brother, who had thoughtfully left her buried for some eight days, while sensing she was still alive – but for the devastation of the ancestral mansion into the brickwork wastes of modernity, she would have lived happily. Poor hero is so obsessed by the teeth of his lost love, Berenice, that he robs her grave to collect them: only to find the young lady in question very much "alive," thus becoming a nursing invalid. Poor heroines with all personality, is rewarded in *The Book*

come" with a hatchet in the brain, and of course, her gruesome remains are uncovered at the end, to accuse the murderer. The two main characters are little more than puppets, the effeminate and unloving Rodolphe Cader, the passionately logical murderers of "The Black Cat," "The Cask of Amontillado," and "The Tell-Tale Heart," and the other highly-strung and morbid fellows, prone little to condemn themselves to the reader. The taste of much of Poe's writing, especially in the area of financial trouble, may not have been obvious to Bradstreet and its followers, but a rather glaring apparent to British and American readers. The same formula of a mad, frenzied, and morbid character is seldom developed. Foreign locales, such as Venice and Paris, have obviously not been painstakingly researched. This very lack of research, however, is also responsible for Poe's endurance. It has been observed that Poe's locales have the vague quality of dream environments, and that the settings are more reminiscent of fairytale settings for the unfolding of tales that are most unlikely, yet often entirely convincing within their own frame of reference, which is that of dream and

Poe's own life was a bit of a nightmare, marred by vocal setbacks, poverty, unhappy love, and addiction to alcohol.

He was born on 18 January, 1808, the son of a refined but impoverished actor-parent. His mother was much renowned for her beauty, but both parents appear to have been rather frail, inefficient types, whose lack of strength to cope with practical life was a serious handicap. At the young age of three, he was adopted by the wealthy Alamy family of Richmond, Virginia, and lived with the family until 1827. He received a fine education, for the time, in England and Richmond. However, he began to get into mischief at the University of Virginia, drinking rather too much, and running up large gambling debts. After one year, he ran away and joined the circus for a time. He exhibited several small talents, but no special powers, which received some critical encouragement, but did little to improve his financial state.



# THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Time Forgets  
important and obscure adventures  
and explores the hidden and  
forgotten history of the American  
West.

On this western coast, a  
sub-continent, and a  
lowering cliff above, a  
strange and beautiful  
burial for their lives  
the adventure  
minutes: "entire world  
a gripping  
a gripping

The Land That Time Forgot  
 capturing the extraordinary adventures  
 of survivors between Man-  
 chester and a British merchant  
 ship during the Atlantic in the  
 World War I era

[illegible]

This film based on the Edgar Rice Burroughs book is due for release early in the new year. It was produced by veteran Submarine Productions and is an American Production.







Continued from page 58

He lived and worked in Baltimore from 1811 through 1835, becoming increasingly dependent upon drink, and it has been suggested, drugs. Although he was considered an attractive man, he did not have much luck in affairs of the heart. Curiously, his marriage to his thirteen-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm, seems to have been quite happy, and very much approved of by the girls' mother. Unfortunately, Virginia was to die in 1847 leaving him in despair. He embarked upon two love affairs the following year, in an attempt to rebuild his life, but in both instances, was rejected. By this time, Poe was living in New York, and while he was welcomed in the editorial staff of various magazines, he would invariably be unable to hold the jobs, due to his drunkenness. His mysterious tales were popular with the public, but still brought him no monetary security. His poem "The Raven" which had appeared in 1845 in the New York

"Evening News" had, however, brought him a certain degree of fame, and he was much talked about. He attempted to lecture and give recitations, but he was a bad reader, shy, and possessing a light, rather monotone voice. He was poorly received, and gave up the lecture halls to devote himself more to writing.

He continued to drink, and finally was found suffering from exposure in a gutter. He was taken to hospital and died on the 7th of October, 1849. One's sympathies are aroused by this tale of woe, but Edgar Allan Poe was certainly not the type of person one would seek out as a dinner guest. He made frequent attempts at humorous writing, surprisingly enough, but these efforts are nowadays mostly for the massive element lurking behind the rather luscious joviality, as in "The Man Who Was Used Up."

In conclusion, we thought our readers might be interested in a brief bibliography of extensive efforts adapted from, and/or inspired by Poe.

#### 1934 — "The Tell-Tale Heart"

"The Black Cat" (A tale of Devil worship and revenge which, though entertaining, has nothing to do with Poe.)

1935 — "The Raven" (with Bela Lugosi as his first, becoming progressively to a superb standard with Poe. The author might have enjoyed this one.)

1948 — "The Fall of the House of Usher" (A British-made version, which manages to capture a great deal of the grim atmosphere and perversity of the original. Unfortunately, never seen, today.)

1960 — "The Fall of the House of Usher" (The first and, perhaps, best of

Roger Corman's Poe adaptations, giving Vincent Price a chance to camp away at the reservoir, Rodenburg.)

1964 — "The Raven" (A comedy spoof by Corman, with Price and Karloff as rival magicians. Not bad really.)

"The Pit and the Pendulum" (There's a pit, a pendulum, and all sorts of fun ends there. Still entertaining, as Price rarely ceases.)

1962 — "The Premature Burial" (Reinhold and Hazel Court war in this one.)

"Tales of Terror" ("Moonlight", "M. Valentin" and "The Black Cat").

1963 — "The Hound of the Baskin" (The title from a poem in "The Fall of the House of Usher", the story is terrible to listen to, but very entertaining.)

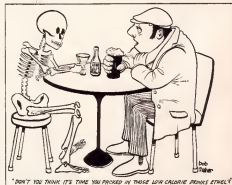
1964 — "The Tomb of Ligeia" (Another Poe vehicle, with elements from several tales.)

— "The Masque of the Red Death" — (Dime)

1967 — "The Oblong Box" (Tale of Poe, but less of Poe, joined for this country by Christopher Lee.)

1971 — "Murders in the Rue Morgue" (Excellent performances by Austin Richards, the late Michael Dunn, et al make this a good film, but it's certainly not Poe, any more than the 1933 version, which we neglected to mention above, which starred Bela Lugosi as a mad murderer.)

In addition, there have been several foreign-speaking adaptations, silent films and numerous television plays based upon the works of Edgar Allan Poe. "World of Horror" will continue its salute to this important master of the genre by printing one of his more grotesque tales, "The Masque of the Red Death" in issue five.



## HORROR IN THE CINEMA by Ivan Butler



Horror films have held a chilling fascination for audiences from the very beginnings of cinema. Ivan Butler takes a look at the masters in the silent cinema, Dracula and Frankenstein, the work of Hitchcock and Polanski, with a special chapter on British horror. Thirdly, again to such horror classics as *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Cat People*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Dracula*, *Prince of Darkness* and many more. Paper back Over 50 titles £1.10

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2nd place — Mr. A. Clark, Dundee.

We are pleased to print the two winners of our "Monster Madness" caption contest of issue No. 2. Both will receive the next 12 issues as a prize. To the many who entered, by way of thanks, you will be getting an 8" x 12" horror photo in consolation.

## WORLD OF HORROR

### Answers to Quiz Time

- a. "The Mummy's Curse" (Lon Chaney)
- b. "Black Sunday" (Barbara Steele)
- c. "I was a Teenage Werewolf" (Michael Landon)
- d. "Star Trek: Bones and Kri", from the episode "The Deedly Years"
- e. "Grave of the Vampire" (An Embler Film release)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS WORLD OF HORROR?

The man who reads "World of Horror" works hard and plays hard. He knows how to relax. Fact: "World of Horror" is read by 2 out of 3 people who belong to erotic cinema clubs. Fact: "World of Horror" is read by more unemployed people than "Lancet." By advertising in this magazine, you will help provide litter. (Source of information: the 1956 Kinsey Report).

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Chicago.

London.

Tokyo.

High Wycombe.

Berlin.

Paris.